

A

# PARAPHRASE

On Part of the  
Book of JOSHUA.

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In Three Canto's.

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By J. M. S.T.C.D.

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DUBLIN:

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ГАНДАЯН





To the Rt. Revd. Father in G O D

THEOPHILUS  
Lord BISHOP of  
ELPHIN.

My L O R D,

I May seem to have had no small Ambition, and indeed, to have hop'd beyond my Merit, when I dar'd to annex Your Reverend Name to the imperfect Labours

*Epistle Dedicatory.*

bours of so early a Muse.  
But excuse, my LORD, what  
your Goodness occasion'd,  
and accept, tho' worthless,  
the heartiest Off'ring he can  
make, who is proud to have  
the Honour of Subscribing  
himself, my LORD,

Your LORDSHIP'S

most humble, and

Devoted Servant,

J. M.



A

# PARAPHRASE

On Part of the  
Book of J o s h u a.

O F Martial Tribes in Arms, of growing Fear,  
And dying Hero's, in the Fields of War ;  
Of trembling Nations, and immortal Fame,  
And Warriors purpl'd in a sanguine Stream ;  
Of Princes Jars, and th' unexhausted Spring,  
From which they rose, my daring Muse shall Sing.

How *Isra'l* freed ( nor with inglor'ous Toil)  
From anxious Bondage, and the Land of *Nile*,  
Dar'd to defie, and make stern Monarch's feel  
Th' encreasing Courage, of their conqu'ring Steel.

But hark a while, and hear imagin'd Cries  
Fill ev'ry Vale, and pierce the distant Skies.  
*Moses* is Dead ! The mighty Chief's no more !  
As much lamented, as ador'd before.

For

*A Paraphrase on part of*

For him, (since he the Pious Man \* must Die )  
 In solemn Woe, the prostrate Legions lie.  
 For's unsound Corps, † the sobbing Tribes complain,  
 And Wept in Dust, and Weeping Wept again.

But soon the sound of War, their Souls restor'd  
 And rising Millions, grasp'd the conquering Sword.  
 His vacant Place, providing Heav'n supply'd,  
 And gave them JOSHUA || when their Leader Dy'd.  
 Stern in the Fields of *Mars*, and form'd to bear  
 The foll'wing Labours, of th' expected War.

- And now the Forces must'ring all around,  
 In thicken'd Ranks, becloud the groaning Ground.  
 When thus th' Almighty, sacred Silence broke,  
 And Earth stood trembling, while the God-head spoke.  
 " Arise, he said, Victorious Mortal rise,  
 " To Arms : And hope th' Indulgence of the Skies.

" March

\* See *Deut.* the 32. v. 50. so Chap. 34. v. 4. I have caus'd thee to see it with thine Eyes ; but thou shall not go over thither.

† I said unsound, because the Body of *Moses* was Buried of God, unknown to the *Israelites*. See *Deut.* 34. v. 6. For seeing *Moses* was a Man so greatly Reverenc'd among the *Israelites*, and one that represented the Person of God to the People ; 'tis probable, that the Almighty, (who saw what afterwards might have follow'd) wisely convey'd the dead Body from the Eyes of the People ; least thro' Ignorance, and the profound Respect they paid him, they might, perhaps, have Deify'd and Worshipp'd him, and consequently have fallen into Idolatry after the manner of the Nations amongst whom they then sojourn'd.

|| *Joshua* the Son of *Nun* of the Tribe of *Ephraim*, *Moses*'s Minister, whom he appointed to head the Army after his Death. He only and *Caleb*, the Son of *Jephunneh* of the Tribe of *Judah*, remain'd to possess the Land of *Canaan*, of all that Perish'd in the Wilderness for their Transgressions.

“ March o'er this Plain, pass *Jordan's* wavy Flood,  
“ And meet your Foes, and drench the Land in Blood.  
“ Loe ! sinking Souls, with faint departing Breath  
“ Expect my People in the Fields of Death.  
“ Go lead the War, and bid the Regions wait  
“ Th' unpleasing prospect, of impending Fate.  
“ Be Strong, I say, *Jehovah* speaks to thee ;  
“ Dismay'd at naught, thy dauntless Soul, shall be.  
“ My sing'lar Favours shall to thee be shown,  
“ And tend, to Bless thee, from my Heav'nly Throne.

So spoke the G O D——and streight confus'dly roll  
In ev'ry Thought, and steel'd his manly Soul,  
Mix'd Scenes of Death : and Conquest yet unwon,  
Are gain'd in Fancy, e'er the Fight's begun.  
To Camp he goes, nor gave Commands in vain,  
To Crowds of Heroes, on the darken'd Plain.  
He Nods——and spreading Squadrons rouse to Arms,  
And Troops of Warriors, Martial Glory warms.  
Th' embody'd Legions march, nor longer stray  
The wand'ring Mazes of a lonely way.  
Swift, at their Gen'ral's Word; arm'd Millions throng  
In dreadful Form, and firmly swept along.  
Thick o'er the Fields they spread, a com'ly Train,  
In moving Bands, and crush'd the loaded Plain.  
Gruff were their Looks, and Frowns presaging Fate,  
On ev'ry Brow, sat formidably great.

\* Two faithful Spies of War they sent to view  
 The heartless Land, the pale suspecting Crew;  
 Thro' winding turns, they took their Dang'rous way,  
 Where Fears, and Foes, and mingl'd Horrors lay;  
 And each dread Scene, the daring Pair Survey.

But tir'd at length; with great success they came  
 To *Rabab's* † House, who Consc'ous of their Fame,  
 Conceal'd the Spies that *Joshua* sent a far,  
 To view the Land, prepar'd for instant War.

“ We've heard, she said, your wond'rous Deeds before  
 “ When *Isr'el's* Fame, rang from th' *Egyptian* Shore.  
 “ The World is daunted, at the Fates you do,  
 “ And with'ring Monarch's, pant at distant view.  
 “ Your G O D, I know, spreads Terrou'r o'er the Land,  
 “ And gives our Regions, to your Conquering hand.  
 “ Now for my Care, She said, protect your Slave,  
 “ And give me, only, what my Bounty gave.  
 “ Your welcome mercy, to my Friends afford,  
 “ And guard my Children, from the Murd'ring Sword.

Thus She.—and taught them, doubtful, where to flie  
 The sharp Pursuit, of ev'ry Vengeful Eye.

\* There were other Spies, besides these two, who were sent before, to view the Land; but brought over a false discouraging account, as is mention'd in the 13th Chap. of *Numb.* v. 32.

† This *Rabab* was an Harlot, whose House was Built on the Wall of the City *Jerico*; she hid the two Spies, *Joshua* sent and deluded the enquirers, but it was imputed to her for Righteousness.

Sh' instructs their Flight \* and points 'em out a Way,  
Whilst promiss'd Deeds † and plighted Vows repay  
Her Hospitable hand.

Now o'er the Wilds, where Shelt'ring Hills befriend  
Their cautious Steps, their flying Course they bend:  
Round to the Camp, with glad'ning News, they go,  
And cross the purpose of the following Foe.

Rous'd at the Sight the thick'ning Crowds prepare  
In joyous Throngs, to yield a list'ning Ear.

From Mouth, to Mouth, the spreading Rumour ran,  
And Arm'd with Courage each reviving Man.

A zeal of Fame in ev'ry Warrior rose,  
And joynly firm, a frowning Front disclose.

Fierce o'er the Vales, th' appear, in Martial form  
And threat' like black'ning Clouds, a dreadful Storm.  
Whilst Godlike Priests, which Holy rev'rence, bore  
The sacred Ark, to meet th' expected Shore.

The Chieftain march'd in Front and led along  
The glad Procession, of the moving Throng.  
The awful sight the conscious Banks beheld,  
And frighted *Jordan* in his Channel Swell'd!

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\* For she said *Josh.* Chap. 2. v. 16. Get ye to the Mountains left  
the Pursuers meet you and hide your selves there three Days, until  
the Pursuers be returned.

† The Spies e'er they departed, Swore unto *Rabab* to preserve  
her and her Friends from the Destruction of the City: as in Chap.  
2. v. 14. and accordingly gave her a Signal, viz. that she shou'd  
tye a Thread of Scarlet in the same Window which she let them  
down by, when they escaped.

## A Paraphrase on part of

Soon as the starting Brink the Priests receive,  
 And dip their Footsteps, in the curling Wave.  
 Th' obedient Floods, th' Almighty did divide,  
 And stay'd the fall of the descending Tyde.  
 A Silver ridge the *Ozij* Streams display,  
 And rising high, a liquid Mountain lay.  
 The Chrystal humours for a while Despair,  
 And beat for Banks the thick repugnant Air.  
 Strange change to view ! a sight ne'er seen before !  
 The wond'ring River found an Airy Shore.  
 A growing Wall appear'd the Mounting Flood,  
 And heaps, on heaps, the rising Waters stood.  
 The gazing Army, gladden with Surprize,  
 And plainly see, but scarcely trust their Eyes.

Down o'er the Channel, at the Chief's Command  
 Admiring *Izra'l* cross'd the hallow Strand.  
 But e'er they pass the vacant Depth, they find  
 A Work to do, and leave their Deeds \* behind.  
 Twelve massy Stones twelve Tribes of *Jacob* take  
 And place them here, for a Memorial's sake.  
 Part fixt in Earth, in flood, and Air Sublime,  
 A Storied Wonder, for a—coming Time.

\* The Children of *Izrael* according to the Number of their Tribes, took twelve Stones, and fixt them in the middle of the River *Jordan*, that thereby their enquiring Posterity might be Satisfied of the Wonders G O D wrought for their Fathers, how he Divided the River to give them a Passage, as he did the Red-Sea when he deliver'd them from *Pbaroah* and his Host.

## *the Book of Joshua.*

7

But soon as ere th' adjayning Fields th' obtain  
And rank their Forces, on the trembling Plain,  
The bulging Billows, in a Moments space,  
Break down; and *Jordan* finds his Native place.  
Waves push on Waves, and pronely furious, urge  
The headlong Current of the tumbling Surge.

The *Hebrews* saw.—and thank th' attending Care  
Of Heav'n.—and wish th' immediate Edge of War.  
Athwart the Mead's the shining Squadrons go,  
And Pitch in *Gilgal*, East of \* *Jerico*.  
Wide o'er the Fields they stood in thick Array,  
Whilst dazzling Shields reflected Suns display,  
And Glitt'ring Arms, that form'd a double Day.



The pale Besieg'd knew.—and Confest their Dread,  
And threatening Death sat brooding o'er their head.  
Each hallow'd Cavern echoing forth aloud  
The fearful Murmurs of the trembling Crow'd.  
Such were their Hopes and such their anxious Case !  
Such stupid Horrour sat on ev'ry Face !  
But while they Fret, while in Suspence they lay,  
And Pin'd, and Sunk, their melting Souls away.  
Affiduous *Jacob*'s valiant Offspring rouze  
And † Circumcise and pay their Yearly Vows,

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\* *Jerico*, one of the first Cities they Besieg'd in the Land of *Canaan*.

† At this time *Joshua* Circumcised the Children of *Israel*, for till now they had been Uncircumcised, the Reason given, See *Joshua* Chap. 5. v. 4. 5.

With Blood of Lambs: nor unfefted leave  
 The great Tradition \* that their Fathers gave.  
 On Corn, and Wine, no more on Quails, they fed  
 For Manna † ceas'd, that falling Heav'nly Bread.  
 The hop'd for Earth they view, a Smiling Soil!  
 A Seat, t' enjoy, with yet unfinifh'd Toil.



## CANTO II.

**N**O W to the Seige, || all-viewing Muse, repair  
 And paint a City, Sunk in pale Despair.  
 Where Crowds repine, and Curse their rigid Fates,  
 And Bolt, but Bolt, in vain, their feeble Gates.  
 With livid Hue, the Cloyster'd Natives stand,  
 To Heav'n devoted, and a Conquering hand.  
 While to the Wall's unnumber'd Heroes went,  
 In form Embattl'd, and on Glory bent.  
 Terrible to view, the circling Troops around,  
 With deaf'ning Shouts, disturb'd the patient ground,  
 And nodding Hills, remurmur'd to the Sound.

\* This Tradition was that the *Israelites* shou'd (in remembrance of that *Night*, wherein the L O R D pass'd over their Dwellings, and smote the First-born in *Egypt*) Celebrate to the L O R D a Yearly Feast, call'd the Passover; in which a Male-Lamb without Blemish was to be offer'd to the L O R D. *Exod. Chap. 12 v. 24. 25.*

† See *Josh. Chap. the 5th. v. 11. 12.*

|| The City Besieg'd, is *Jerico* which was straitly shut up because of the Children of *Israel*.

The fatal Blast the crooked Trumpets Blew ;  
The bending Walls the dreadful Signal \* knew.  
Their Basis shook, and cou'd no more sustain  
Their weight, but fell, and Thunder'd on the Plain.

The sudden Change two horrid Scenes display,  
For Fear, and Fury, in Confusion lay,  
And mixt Disorder, made a Mournful Day. S  
Pronely they rush, their Force, th' unhappy, feel  
Transfixing thousands, on the Pointed Steel.  
The Screaming Creatures rage with desp'rare Cries,  
And blended howlings echo'd to the Skies.  
Nor Steel alone deprives the Crowd of Breath,  
The Crackling Flames afford a sharper Death  
With dying Groans the frying Souls Expire  
In smoth'ring Volumes, and in Sheets of Fire.  
To one dread Pile promiscuous heaps they gave,  
(For *Rahab* only and her Friends they save)  
And Scorching Millions found a torrid Grave. S  
Now midst the Host, the mighty *Joshua* goes  
And Heav'n's high will to hark'ning throngs he Shows  
† Curst be the Man, he said, that dares to raise  
“ A Second time, the bane of future Days,  
“ These prostrate ruins, Smouldring in the Blaze, S

\* *The Signal*) The sound of the Trumpet, at which, (after the final shout of the People) the Walls of the City fell.

† (*Curst be the Man*) For so the L O R D had pronounce'd him, that first offer'd to remove ought of the Spoils from the City ; moreover the Builder of *Jerico* was accurs'd, for it was resolv'd to be made an entire and compleat Sacrifice, both it, it's Wealth, and it's Inhabitants to G O D, as being the first City they Besieg'd in *Canaan*, and the beginning of their Labours, therefore Devoted they it to the L O R D.

“ And

“ And curst again, who shall from hence convey  
 “ The dang’rous Spoils of this primordal Day.  
 And thus the Chief.—But *Achan*\* void of fear  
 Surveys the Wealth and fixt his Heav’n there.  
 He tempts the L O R D : and eager for the Spoil  
 His thieving Hands whole harmless || ranks defile.  
 For as th’ unthinking Warriors strove, in vain,  
 To raze fresh Cities, on the Neighb’ring plain.  
 The strength’ning Natives, midst apparent harm,  
 Assume new Hopes, nor Sound a vain Alarm.  
 Aspiring thoughts their sinking Souls recall ;  
 And by their Swords, the flying Hebrews fall.  
 Across the fields, th’ enfeebl’d Soldiers hye,  
 And at their backs the bearded Arrows fly.  
 And Missive ruin, fleeter than the Wind,  
 In thick’ning Darts, came show’ring on behind.  
 Oh Sin unknown ! Oh Mournful Scene of Time !  
 When Millions Suffer’d, for one Villian’s Crime !

What cou’d the Chief?—he stood in deep surprize,  
 And watry Chrystal Swam around his Eyes.  
 To Heav’n at length, his great Address he made  
 And call’d, th’ Immortal Thunderer, to his Aid.

\* *Achan*) The Son of *Carmi*, of the Tribe of *Judah*, who took of the interdicted Spoils a *Babylonish* Garment, two Hundred Shekels of Silver, and a Wedge of Gold of fifty Shekels Weight, which he hid in his Tent, and thereby kindl’d the Anger of the L O R D .

|| *Harmless*) for the Host was ignorantly harmless of this Fact of *Achan*’s, notwithstanding as a kind of Contagion they were all defil’d thereby, and made obnoxious to the Wrath of G O D .

In humble form h' implor'd his Grace alone,  
And pour'd his Prayer before his Heav'nly Throne,

GOD heard : he Spoke : and spread his Awe around ;  
And rous'd his suppliant Sobbing, from the Ground.  
“ Why prostrate thus, he said? why in despair?  
“ And why these Cries to my attending Ear?  
“ For one curst Crime, my weaken'd People stand  
“ Heart Struck, and Faint, by my revenging Hand.  
“ Of Spoils forbidden (a Death producing thought  
“ To curse the Camp) dissembling Hands hath brought;  
“ And now no more, my sacred Arm shall wait  
“ To Guard them, sinking, in the Jaws of Fate.  
“ No more, my Pow'r shall bloody triumphs yield,  
“ Or give them Conquests, in the crimson Field.  
“ Except with, Pious rage, the Host shall spill  
“ Th' Wretches Blood, t' appease m' offended Will.  
He said.—and soon the Zealous Gen'ral rose,  
(While in his Breast an holy Passion glows)  
And thro' the Camp for hop'd discoveries goes.  
His misty Doubts th' impartial lots dispel,  
Th' impartial lot upon the Aggressor fell.  
And while the Tribes round the Devoted stood,  
To waste their Vengeance, on his impious Blood.  
Exulting bands the destin'd Wretch convey'd  
To Death : and thus an humane Off'ring made  
T' atone the Curse, and pay what must be pay'd.  
GOD claim'd the Debt, the period of his Days;  
And gave the Convict to the kindling Blaze,

Where

Where scorch'd in Flames the suff'ring Fellow Dies,  
For Sin, and Heav'n accepts the Sacrifice.

And now, great *Ai*\* must feel the pond'rous load  
Of instant War, and bend before the G O D  
Of *Jacob*.

For Seige again th' enliv'ning Troops prepare,  
Each wid'ning Soul explodes unmanly Fear.

And Swift, as brave, when Night her Veil had spread  
Round the wide Concave of her gloomy Bed.

When Mortals slept, when Nature's Face grew pale  
And silent Horrour Sat on ev'ry Vale.

Some hasty Thousands slip'd the drowsie Guard,  
And Softly March'd, without a Murmur heard.  
Behind the City, for th' expected Day,  
The fearless, Smart, designing Ambush lay.

And soon as Morn' her rosie Curtains drew,  
E'er rising *Sol* had drank the pearly dew,  
The thoughtful Chief full in their view display'd  
The seeming doubtful + Host as half afraid  
To stand the Test: The Town's-Men saw the fight,  
Nor once expect to meet in Mortal Fight:  
But for their back Successless *Ai*'s design'd  
And think's (as || first) to give them Wounds behind.

\* *Ai*) the Second chief City they Besieg'd next after *Jerico*.

+ See *Josb.* Chap. 8. v. 6.

|| As first) for the Children of *Israel* were smitten before of *Ai*,  
for the Transgression of *Achan*.

While Feather'd Deaths, in vain, the Fools prepare,  
The thinking Tribes premeditate the War.  
So thoughtless Wretches, to their destin'd ends,  
In pouring Crowds, the emptying City sends.  
All urg'd the chase, incumbent on their Fates,  
And Chance alone stood Guardian at the Gates.  
The Signal's \* given; the watchful Ambush rise.  
With one mixt Voice that Sounded to the Skies.  
Transporting Joy th' Airy Regions fills,  
And thundering Shouts re-echo from the Hills.  
While swift, and fierce, their entring Bands deface  
The easie, empty, unresisting Place.  
Intent on Death, as smartly as they came.  
They gave the Structure to the strength'ning Flame.  
Th' astonish'd Crew, look back, gaze! — and admire,  
At once to view th' encreasing Plague aspire  
O'er lofty Domes, in flakes of wavy Fire!  
Stupid they see the Place they late forsook  
Involv'd in Burnings, and a Cloud of Smoke!  
Th' impatient Tribes, conceal'd the Jeſt no more,  
But, turn'd, and Smote them, in a Tyde of Gore:  
This way, nor that, the desp'reate Souls can fly,  
But thick by Swords, and hissing Darts they Die,  
And Slaughter'd heaps in Purple Mountains lie.  
From gaping Wounds Life flows in smoaking Rills,  
And a—red Stream the nether Valley fills.

\* *The Signal*) was a Spear that *Joshua* stretched out in his hand, which when the Ambush saw, they rose up quickly, and hasten'd to the City and set it on Fire.

*A Paraphrase on part of*

None in the Field, the least resistance made,  
 But took their Fate on each transfixing Blade.  
 Thus on the Plain th' unsuc'd a Sea of Blood,  
 And floating Bodies swam along the flood ;  
 Not ceas'd the Sword, but dealt swift Deaths around,  
 Till the whole Crew lay prostrate on the Ground.

The Scepter'd King they sever'd on the Plain,  
 From heaps of Corps, and Mountains of the Slain.  
 Vivid as yet, and in his Robes array'd,  
 The Purpl'd Chief's, before the Victor laid;  
 By whose Command the Captive Prince must be  
 (His Trunk expos'd) suspended on a Tree.

And Now the Host for one fam'd toilsome Day,  
 Possess'd a Rich, predestinated Prey.  
 The Gen'ral here his ardent Love express'd,  
 A pious Zeal, revolving in his Breast.  
 He rais'd an Altar, of unpolish'd Stone,  
 An artless \* Structure, to the Lord alone,  
 And saw the grateful mounting Odours rise,  
 From th' urejected, pleasing Sacrifice.  
 He thanks th' Almighty, for his En'mies fall,  
 And Bless'd the whole Assembly. —

---

\* *An Artless Structure*) or an Altar of whole Stone, over which (as it's written in the law of Moses) no Man hath lift up any Iron; on this did *Joshua* offer Burnt-Offerings unto the L O R D in Mount-Ebal, and Wrote upon the Stones a Copy of the law of Moses in the presence of the Children of Israel.



### CANTO III.

**N**O W bord'ring Nations Must'ring from a far,  
Hoard all their Vengeance for a Day of War.  
The gathering Kings contract th' approach of Fate,  
Conjoyn in Arms, and for the Battle wait.

But *Gibeon* \* Shuns (what *Joshua* must perform)  
The threaten'd ruin of th' incumbent Storm.  
Their wise † Deceit. th' assembling Synod shows,  
And stop'd the Sequel of a thousand Woes.  
With dark design, grave, and demurely Wise,  
They form'd a Scheme of unsuspected Lies.  
In worn-out Garbs the Veil'd Deceivers came,  
As distant Suplicants on the Wings of Fame.  
Su'd for a Peace, as from a Foreign Land,  
And gain'd an Offer from his bounteous Hand.

But this their Crime the Neighbouring Kings oppose,  
Convene in throngs and at a Summons rose.  
'Gainst || *Gibeon* all, expect t' exert their Spite,  
And sink their Hopes in one eternal Night.

\* *Gibeon*) one of the Royal Cities of the Canaanites who providently by craft obtain'd a league, and made Peace with the *Israelites*.

† Their wise deceit) See *Josh.* Chap. 9. v. 4. 5. 6.

|| 'Gainst *Gibeon*) There were five Neighbouring Kings that made War against *Gibeon*, because that she made Peace with *Joshua*. See *Jos.* Chap. 10. v. 2. For it seems that they either envy'd their happiness in obtaining their Lives and freedoms; or else thought the disertion of so great a City and People a diminution of their Strength, or at least a Discouragement to their Forces.

To

To raze her stately Walls, with vain design,  
 In fatal League, confederate Millions joyn.  
 The frighted Town hears the disastrous News!  
 Implores their Lord, and for his Succour sues.  
 Nor was the Victor careless, in their Cause,  
 (Tho' late his foes) nor made a Moments pause,  
 But Troopson Troops condens'd, from Camp he draws.  
 Flies to their Aid, and Swift by dawn of Day,  
 Surpriz'd the Crowd, unthinking as they lay.  
 The Fields he paints with Blood, and Hills of Slain,  
 And Soldiers slide, upon the Slippery Plain,  
 Darts play in Show'rs, and clashing Arms resound,  
 And falling Squadrons, Bite the Muddy Ground.  
 Sad fight! they turn'd, and as they turn they Die  
 In Heaps, and strove, but strove in vain, to fly.  
 Hot Smoaking Blades, let go a Tyde of Gore,  
 And floods of Purple, wander'd for a Shore.

Nor was this all, the Thunderer from above  
 With dreadful Pow'r declar'd his filial Love ;  
 With pond'rous \* Deaths, his Host, the God, Supplies,  
 And Globes of Hail fell tumbling from the Skies :  
 The falling Stones rain'd thick on all the Foe,  
 And bow'd, and bruis'd the cringing Crowd below ;  
 A pounding Storm that made each Champion bend,  
 Nor Swords, nor Darts, cou'd thicker ruin send.

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\* *With pond'rous deaths)* For it came to pass Jos. Chap. 10. v. 11. That as they fled from before Isreal, and were in the going down to Bethoron, that the L O R D cast down great hail-stones upon them from Heaven, and smote them unto Azekah that they Dyed.

Nay Heav'n itself obey'd the Chief's Command,  
Restrain'd the *Moon* and made the *Sun* to stand.  
The reeling Globes, stop'd in their usual way,  
And gazing Mortals, wonder'd at their stay.  
Thrice sacred Day ! that while the Legions fight  
In lengthen'd Space \* prolong'd the shades of Night.  
Wild and confus'd, (fell all the conquer'd Side)  
With noise of War, and Groans of them that Dy'd:  
Men, and their Arms, lay in one Common-Bed,  
And Swords, and Shields, lay mixt among the Dead.  
In flight alone, their Princes hop'd to save  
Themselves; and sought the covert of a Cave. †  
Where hid from Day, their Damp retreat they made  
In Earth embowel'd, and a darksome shade.  
The Warriors heard——and swiftly brave Sirround  
The Captive Kings, enclos'd beneath the Ground;  
Their Purpl'd Robes they Seiz'd.—a shocking thought!  
And from the Cave, the Scepter'd Chief's, they brought;  
The Victor Spoke.—(while sprinkl'd yet with Blood,  
Expecting Fate, the Royal Victims stood)  
“ And lay your Feet on Necks of Kings, he said,  
“ (But yield the Glory to the L O R D your Aid;) }  
“ And be the Grandeur of your Pow'r display'd. }  
“ Fear' not; for Heav'n's Omnipotence shall stand  
“ Your Guard, and fix you in the Promis'd Land.

\* In lengthen'd Space) for there was no Day like that, before or after it, that the L O R D harken'd unto the Voice of a Man: For the Sun stood still in the midst of Heaven, and hasted not to go down about a whole Day, until Isreal had aveng'd them on their Enemies. See Jos. Chap. 10. v. 6. 13.

† Covert of a Cave) At a place call'd Makedab, to which five of their Kings fled, and hid themselves having escap'd from the Battle. Thus

Thus he : and streight their strugling Souls he frees,  
 And bleeding Princes, hung on several \* Trees;  
 An Horrid Sight! till Night he left them there,  
 Their Corps depending in the tainted Air ;  
 Then for a gilded Tomb, and Sumptuous Grave  
 Bestow'd the Precincts of a dreary Cave. †

And sternly Smart afresh the Chief begun  
 T' encrease the Trophies that his Glory won.  
 Rank'd thick again, th' imbattl'd Host appears  
 With Shields defensive, and offensive Spears.  
 Swift flying Ruin, seiz'd th' expecting Crew,  
 And Storms of Darts astonish'd Millions Slew.  
 Each Panting Heart dismiss'd a crimson Flood,  
 Be-purpling Heroes in a Sea of Blood.  
 From Fort, to Fort, the daring Bands around  
 Raz'd ev'ry Structure to the level Ground.  
 With Fire and Sword, whole Crowds confounded lay,  
 And Tribes exulting, singl'd out their Prey.  
 Mixt was the Tumult of the War, deform'd the Rout,  
 Confus'd the Conquer'd, and confus'd the Shout.  
 The burning Souls, in vain, their Gods invoke  
 In blackning Clouds of suffocating Smoak ;  
 For th' hungry Plague, o'er all their Cities came,  
 And lofty Domes, stood crakling in the Flame.

\* On several Trees) for when he had Slain those five Kings he hung them severally on five Trees, until the going down of the Sun.  
 † A dreary Cave) For in no other Grave did Joshua Bury them in, but in the Cave to which they fled, from which he had taken them.

Weary at length, Triumphir, o'er his Foes  
With Martial Troops, to Camp the Warrior goes.  
And led himself the glorious Host before !  
With beaut'ous Dust besmear'd, and com'ly Gore.

The Scatter'd \* Reliques of th' unconquer'd Kings  
Unite; Each Chief unnumber'd Forces brings,  
And distant Princes joyn with fresh Supplies,  
Exceeding Stars, for Number, in the Skies ;  
O'er *Merom's* Plains they Spread, nor for a while  
Lay *Locusts* thicker on the Land \* of *Nile*.  
The Suffering Earth, the pond'rous Burden feels,  
Of Neighing Horses, and of Chariot Wheels.  
Proud of their Strength, th' extend their Armies wide  
And in themselves, did they themselves confide.  
But *Joshua* soon (for Heav'n his Soul had Warm'd  
With Martial heat) his rising Bands alarm'd;  
Rush'd on the War, and in the Mortal Fight,  
Sent angry Thousands to the Shades of Night.  
Fierce Show'rs of Darts their bearded Tongues disclose,  
Tempestous ruin, rain'd on all their Foes,  
And wild Confusion, on Confusion rose.  
With mangl'd Crowds, they Swell'd up Hills on high,  
And Slaughter'd Millions Pre-ordin'd to die.

\* *The Scatter'd Reliques*) For all the then remaining Kings of the Land, both on the *North* in the Mountains, and on the *South*, in the Plains, and the Valleys and on the *West*, and on the *East*, all muster'd up their Forces and came and pitch'd at the Waters of *Merom*, as 'twere to end the War and cut off the *Israelites* at once.

\* *The Land of Nile*) See 10. Chap. *Exod. v. 5.*

Their

Their Horses hough'd \* fell Blended with the Slain,  
 And Noisie Chariots burn'd upon the Plain :  
 † Great *Hazor* falls ; her Scorching Crowds expire,  
 Nor Dy'd she singly, in the forkey Fire.  
 Towns after Towns they Storm'd, and urg'd their Way  
 Thro' lanes of Death, and made the Land their Prey.

Now resting Tribes survey'd each Glorious Scar,  
 And sheath'd their Weapons from the Toils of War :  
 Big with Success they gain'd a spreading Name,  
 And Slaughter'd Armies where their Valour came.  
 And here th' Almighty by his Servants Hand  
 Perform'd his Word, || and gave them *Canaan*-Land.  
 Peace Crown'd the War, and portion'd Soldiers spread  
 The waste : and reap'd the Labours of the Dead.  
 The grateful Gift th' accept ; and with a Bliss,  
 The Lawrell'd Tribes, the Conquer'd Land possess.

\* *Their Horses bough'd*) For so the L O R D had particularly commanded *Joshua* saying, thou shalt hough their Horses and burn their Chariots with fire, which he did, and the Land rested from War.

† *Great Hazor*) She was Metropolis or chief City that reign'd Aforetime as Mistress of all those Kingdoms.

|| *Perform'd his Word*) As he promis'd unto *Abram*, Gen. Chap. 1. v. 7, and Chap. 15. v. 18.

F I N I S.

